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Poems for Memorizing

Power



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To Alice Ogden Lehman:

With love to you  
and yours

Alice Rose Tower  
(Rose Alice Cecilia)





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# Poems For Memorizing

COMPILED BY

ALICE ROSE POWER

WITH

INTRODUCTION BY

PROF. ELLWOOD P. CUBBERLEY

LELAND STANFORD JR. UNIVERSITY

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## INTRODUCTION.

This collection of poems for memorizing should prove very useful, not only to teachers in San Francisco, but throughout the United States as well. The selection has been carefully made with a view both to literary content and to suitability to children of the different grades, and the gathering together of all these poems in one volume cannot fail to be of great service to teachers.

Selections for memorizing should be used in every public school. It is well worth a child's time to come to know many passages from the best literature. In memorizing them and rendering them properly, a training in feeling and appreciation and a refinement of the emotions is involved which is of great importance in education. They represent in part the culture side of public school work, as distinct from the fact or information side. This culture side of public school training is an element which should not be neglected by any teacher, and a judicious use of selections from the best literature will contribute much toward awakening an appreciation of what is beautiful and noble, and fixing a permanent interest in good literature. If this can be done, it will prove of greater lasting value than many of the facts upon which so much emphasis is placed.

## INTRODUCTION.

The first thing to do in giving out a new selection for memorizing is to show pupils how to study it. The selection should be placed on the blackboard where all the class may see it, or copied down from dictation. The teacher should read it to the pupils, giving attention to articulation, emphasis, inflection and pauses, and, if necessary, explaining the thought contained. Pupils should be taught to memorize by sentences, paragraphs, or groups of words expressing a thought rather than word by word. The selections, when memorized, should be delivered in such a manner as to indicate an appreciation of the thoughts contained therein.

ELLWOOD P. CUBBERLEY.

Leland Stanford Jr. University.

## PREFACE.

There has always been a demand for a well graded and carefully selected list of poems for memorizing. The several hundred books of selections do not meet the requirements of the modern teacher and the modern child. The first requisite of a poem for memorizing is its ethical and literary value. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, in his article on "Art of Language," says, "Poetry is profounder than psychology." The rhyming nonsense in the average book of selections does not meet Pres. Wheeler's description of poetry. Why not give the children the best literature?

Prof. Ellwood P. Cubberley performed a real service when he made a selection of poems suitable for grade work. The poems have been tested in San Francisco and other schools. I experienced so much difficulty in securing the poems recommended that I determined to compile them in one volume. As a result I offer this book to teachers and pupils. It contains the entire list recommended by Prof. Cubberley with but three or four exceptions.

I am under deep obligation to Houghton, Mifflin & Company for their kind permission to use the copyrighted poems of Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Larcom, and others. To Bowen, Merrill & Co. for the copyrighted poems of James Whitcomb Riley, to the Whitaker & Ray Co. for their use of Joaquin Miller's "Columbus," and A. J. Waterhouse's "Lullaby."

Alice Rose Power.

Teacher in  
San Francisco School Department.



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POEMS  
FOR MEMORIZING

FIRST GRADE.

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SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest  
Silver sails all out of the west <sup>as,</sup>  
Under the silver moon; <sup>ers?</sup>  
Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one  
—Alf<sup>am,</sup>  
r not known.

# THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea  
 In a beautiful pea-green boat;  
 They took some honey, and plenty of money  
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
 The Owl looked up to the moon above,  
 And sang to a small guitar,

“O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!  
 What a beautiful Pussy you are,—

You are,

What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

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Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant fowl!

How wonderful sweet you sing!

Oh let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—

But what shall we do for a ring?”

They sailed away for a year and a day

To the land where the Bong-tree grows,

And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood

With a ring in the end of his nose,—

Casabianca

His nose,

What I Live

The Burial of

Sheridan's Ric

With a ring in the end of his nose.

Charge of the Light Brigade, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
 your ring?” Said the piggy, “I will.”

THOUGHTS took it away, and were married next day  
 the turkey who lives on the hill.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

They dined upon mince and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,  
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand  
They danced by the light of the moon,—  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.  
—Edward Lear.

THE CLOUD.

What are you doing, little white cloud,  
Up in the heavens, sailing so proud?

Helping my brothers here in the blue  
Hide the hot sunshine, baby, from you.

Where are you going, flying so slow,  
White cloud so lazy, I'd like to know?

Gathering raindrops out of the air,  
For the poor flowers, dying down there.

When will you scatter some of the showers,  
You have been saving, down to the flowers?

Where the Lord sends me, always I roam,  
When the Lord bids me, baby, I'll come.  
—Author not known.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,  
And the longest walk is ended;  
One stitch, and then another,  
And the largest rent is mended;  
One brick upon another,  
And the highest wall is made;  
One flake upon another,  
And the deepest snow is laid.

Then do not look disheartened  
O'er the work you have to do,  
And say that such a mighty task  
You never can get through;  
But just endeavor, day by day,  
Another point to gain,  
And soon the mountain which you feared  
Will prove to be a plain.

—Author not known.

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look towards the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,  
But in mine is the wind of Autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah, what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.  
—Longfellow.

### THE LITTLE LAZY CLOUD.

A pretty little cloud away up in the sky,  
Said it did not care if the earth was dry;  
'Twas having such a nice time sailing all around,  
It would n't, no, it would n't tumble on the ground.

So the pretty little lilies hung their aching heads,  
And the golden pansies cuddled in their beds;  
The cherries couldn't grow a bit, you would have pitied them;  
They'd hardly strength to hold to the little slender stem.

By and by the little cloud felt a dreadful shock,  
Just as does a boat when it hits upon a rock.  
Something ran all through it, burning like a flame,  
And the little cloud began to cry as down to earth it came.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Then old Grandpa Thunder, as he growled away,  
Said, "I thought I'd make you mind 'fore another day;  
Little clouds were meant to fall when the earth is dry,  
And not go sailing round away up in the sky."

And old Grandma Lightning, flitting to and fro,  
Said, "What were you made for, I would like to know,  
That you spend your precious time sailing all around,  
When you know you ought to be buried in the ground."

Then lilies dear, and pansies, all began to bloom,  
And the cherries grew and grew till they took up all the room.  
Then by and by the little cloud, with all its duty done,  
Was caught up by a rainbow and allowed a little fun.

—Author not known.

SWEET BABY, SLEEP.

Sweet baby, sleep! what ails my dear?  
What ails my darling, thus to cry?  
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,  
To hear me sing thy lullaby.  
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;  
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;  
For whosoever thee offends  
By thy protector threatened are,  
And God and Angels are thy friends.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,  
In little babes he took delight;  
Such innocence as thou, my dear,  
Are ever precious in His sight.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

— Author not known.

MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

“What are you good for, my brave little man?  
Answer that question for me, if you can,—  
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,—  
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.  
All the day long, with your busy contriving,  
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;  
See if your wise little noddle can tell  
What you are good for. Now ponder it well.”

Over the carpet the dear little feet  
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;  
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,  
Under their lashes looked up unto me;  
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,  
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;  
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,  
“Good to love you, mamma,—good to love you.”  
—Emily Huntington Miller.



RUNAWAY BROOK.

“ Stop, stop, pretty water!”  
Said Mary one day.  
To a frolicsome brook,  
That was running away.

‘ You run on so fast!  
I wish you would stay;  
My boat and my flowers  
You will carry away.

‘ But I will run after:  
Mother says that I may;  
For I would know where  
You are running away.”

So Mary ran on;  
But I have heard say,  
That she never could find  
Where the brook ran away.

—Eliza Follen.

THE BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?  
Out of the everywhere into here.  
Where did you get your eyes so blue?  
Out of the sky as I came through.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?  
Some of the starry spikes left in.  
Where did you get that little tear?  
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?  
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.  
What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?  
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-corner'd smile of bliss?  
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.  
Where did you get this pearly ear?  
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?  
Love made itself into hooks and bands.  
Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?  
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all come just to be you?  
God thought of me and so I grew.  
But how did you come to us, you dear?  
God thought of you, and so I am here.

—George Macdonald.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

He has n't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant, sleepy head;  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—Stevenson.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

(Cradle Song.)

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy father's watching the sheep;  
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,  
And down drops a little dream for thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
The large stars are the sheep;  
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,  
The bright moon is the shepherdess.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
And cry not like a sheep!  
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,  
And bite this naughty child of mine.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy Savior loves His sheep;  
He is the Lamb of God on High,  
Who for our sakes came down to die.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Away to tend the sheep,  
Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,  
And do not harm my sleeping child!  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—Elizabeth Prentiss. (From the German.)

### THREE LITTLE BUGS IN A BASKET.

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly room for two;  
And one was yellow, and one was black,  
And one like me or you;  
The space was small, no doubt, for all,  
So what should the three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly crumbs for two;  
And all were selfish in their hearts,  
The same as I or you.  
So the strong one said, "We will eat the bread,  
And that's what we will do!"

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And the beds but two could hold;  
And so they fell to quarreling—  
The white, the black, and the gold—  
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,  
And one was out in the cold.

He that was left in the basket,  
Without a crumb to chew,  
Or a shred to wrap himself withal,  
When the wind across him blew,  
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,  
And so the quarrel grew.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

So there was war in the basket;  
    Ah! pity 'tis, 'tis true!  
But he that was frozen and starved, at last  
    A strength from his weakness drew,  
And pulled the rugs from both the bugs,  
    And killed and ate them, too!

Now when bugs live in a basket,  
    Though more than it well can hold,  
It seems to me they had better agree—  
    The black, the white, and the gold—  
And share what comes of beds and crumbs,  
    And leave no bug in the cold.

—Alice Cary.

## SECOND GRADE.

---

### BAREFOOT BOY.

(First ten lines.)

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan!  
With thy turned up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes;  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;  
From my heart I give thee joy!  
I was once a barefoot boy.

### THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

Who taught you to sing  
My sweet, pretty bird?  
Who tuned your melodious throat?  
You make all the hills and valleys to ring;  
You bring the first news of the earliest spring  
With your loud and silvery note.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

“ It was God,” said the lark,  
As he rose from the earth;  
“ He gives us the good we enjoy;  
He painted our wings, he gave us our voice,  
He gives us our food and bids us rejoice,  
Good morning, my beautiful boy.”  
—Author not known.

RAIN-DROPS.

Some little drops of water,  
Whose home was in the sea,  
To go upon a journey  
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage,  
They drove a playful breeze,  
And over town and country,  
They rode along with ease.

But, oh! there were so many,  
At last the carriage broke;  
And to the ground came tumbling  
Those frightened little folk.

Through the moss and grasses,  
They were compelled to roam  
Until a brooklet found them,  
And carried them all home.

—Author not known.



SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven:  
I've said my "seven times" over and over,  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;  
My birthday lessons are done;  
The lambs play always, they know no better,—  
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing  
And shining so round and low;  
You were bright, ah bright! but your light is failing,—  
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,  
That God has hidden your face?  
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;  
You've powdered your legs with gold!  
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!  
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper  
That hangs in your clear green bell!

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it,—  
I will not steal it away;  
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—  
I am seven times one to-day.

—Jean Ingelow.

TWO AND ONE.

Two ears and only one mouth have you;  
The reason, I think, is clear:  
It teaches, my child, that it will not do  
To talk about all you hear.

Two eyes and only one mouth have you;  
The reason for this must be,  
That you should learn that it will not do  
To talk about all you see.

Two hands and only one mouth have you;  
And it is worth while repeating:  
The two are for work you will have to do—  
The one is enough for eating.

—Author not known.

THE NEW MOON.

Dear mother, how pretty  
The moon looks to-night!  
She was never so cunning before;  
Her two little horns  
Are so sharp and bright,  
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there  
With you and my friends,  
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;  
I'd sit in the middle  
And hold by both ends;  
Oh, what a bright candle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars  
To keep out of the way,  
Lest we should rock over their toes;  
And then I would rock  
Till the dawn of the day,  
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay  
In the beautiful skies,  
And through the bright clouds we would roam;  
We would see the sun set,  
And see the sun rise,  
And in the next rainbow come home.

—Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny spark;  
He could not see which way to go,  
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
Yet often through my window peep;  
For you never shut your eye,  
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright but tiny spark  
Lights the traveler in the dark,  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—Jane Taylor.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

- “ If I were a sunbeam,  
    I know what I'd do:  
I would seek white lilies  
    Rainy woodlands through:  
I would steal among them,  
    Softest light I'd shed,  
Until every lily  
    Raised its drooping head.
- “ If I were a sunbeam,  
    I know where I'd go:  
Into lowliest hovels,  
    Dark with want and woe:  
Till sad hearts looked upward,  
    I would shine and shine;  
Then they'd think of heaven,  
    Their sweet home and mine.”

Art thou not a sunbeam,  
    Child whose life is glad  
With an inner radiance  
    Sunshine never had?  
Oh, as God has blessed thee,  
    Scatter rays divine!  
For there is no sunbeam  
    But must die, or shine.

—Lucy Larcom.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

LULLABY.

Over the cradle the mother hung,  
Softly crooning a slumber song:  
And these were the simple words she sung  
All the evening long:

“Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee  
Where shall the baby’s dimple be?  
Where shall the angel’s finger rest  
When he comes down to the baby’s nest?  
Where shall the angel’s touch remain  
When he awakens my babe again?”

Still as she bent and sang so low,  
A murmur into her music broke:  
And she paused to hear, for she could but know  
The baby’s angel spoke.

“Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,  
Where shall the baby’s dimple be?  
Where shall my finger fall and rest  
When I come down to the baby’s nest?  
Where shall my finger touch remain  
When I awaken your babe again?”

Silent the mother sat and dwelt  
Long in the sweet delay of choice  
And then by her baby’s side she knelt,  
And sang with a pleasant voice:

“ Not on the limb, O angel dear!  
For the charm with its youth will disappear;  
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,  
For the harboring smile will fade and flee;  
But touch thou the chin with an impress deep,  
And my baby the angel’s seal shall keep.”

— J. G. Holland.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The morning, and the sunset  
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who hath made all things well.

— Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

DO ALL THAT YOU CAN.

“ I cannot do much,” said a little star,  
“ To make this dark world bright;  
My silvery beams cannot pierce far  
Into the gloom of night;  
Yet I am a part of God’s great plan,  
And so I will do the best that I can.”

“ What can be the use,” said a fleecy cloud,  
“ Of these few drops that I hold?  
They will hardly bend the lily proud,  
If caught in her chalice of gold;  
But I, too, am a part of God’s great plan,  
So my treasures I’ll give as well as I can.”

A child went merrily forth to play,  
But a thought, like a silver thread,  
Kept winding in and out all day  
Through the happy golden head:  
Mother said, “ Darling, do all that you can,  
For you are a part of God’s great plan.”

— Mrs. M. E. Sangster.



A LULLABY.

Sleep, my little one, where you float  
On the Dreamland Sea in the Dreamland Boat;  
But where is that sea and whither you go,  
Ah, who is so wise that he ever may know?  
There the sails of the voyager onward are fanned  
By the lullaby breezes from Hushabyland,  
And the boat is a cradle that swings to and fro,  
But whither it bears you, ah, none of us know.

Sleep, my little one. None may know  
Whither the Dreamboat saileth,  
But One heedeth ever wherever you go,  
And His is a love never faileth.

Sleep, my little one, sleep and dream  
As you float, float away on the wonderful stream  
That leads to the land where the white angels be,  
Which I, in my blindness, no longer may see.  
There the Angel of Love and the Angel of Rest  
Shall cuddle my bairnie so close to the breast  
That only the thought of the mother and me  
Could bring you safe home again over the sea.  
Sleep, my little one, sleep and smile,  
Floating, ah, none may know whither;  
You shall sail back again after a while,  
Guided by angel hands hither.

— A. J. Waterhouse.

LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

Oh, where do you come from,  
    You little drops of rain,  
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter  
    Down the window-pane?  
They say I'm very naughty,  
    But I've nothing else to do,  
But sit here at the window;  
    I should like to play with you.

Tell me, little rain-drops,  
    Is that the way you play,  
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,  
    All the rainy day?  
The little rain-drops cannot speak,  
    But "Pitter-patter, pat"  
Means, "We can play on this side;  
    Why can't you play on that?"

— Author Unknown.

## THIRD GRADE.

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### THE BROWN THRUSH.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree  
"He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"  
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?  
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!  
Don't you hear? Don't you see?  
Hush! Look! In my tree,  
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,  
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?  
Don't meddle! Don't touch! little girl, little boy,  
Or the world will lose some of its joy!  
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!  
And I always shall be,  
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,  
To you and to me, to you and to me:  
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,  
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!  
But long it won't be,  
Don't you know? don't you see?  
Unless we are as good as can be!"

—Lucy Larcom.

### THE WONDERFUL WORLD.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,  
With the beautiful water round you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast —  
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;  
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly earth, how far do you go?  
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow,  
And cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,  
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,  
I hardly can think of you, world, at all;  
And yet, when I said my prayers today,  
A whisper within me seemed to say,  
“You are more than the earth, though you are but a dot;  
You can love and think, and the earth cannot.”  
—Chas. H. Browne.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

IS IT YOU?

There is a child — a boy or girl —  
I'm sorry it is true —  
Who doesn't mind when spoken to;  
Is it? — It isn't you!  
Oh, no, it can't be you!

I know a child — a boy or girl —  
I'm loath to say I do —  
Who struck a little playmate once;  
Was it? — It wasn't you!  
I hope it wasn't you!

I know a child — a boy or girl —  
I hope that such are few —  
Who told a lie; yes, told a lie!  
Was it? — It wasn't you!  
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy — I know a boy —  
I cannot love him, though —  
Who robs the little birdie's nests;  
Is it? — It can't be you!  
That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is — a girl I know —  
And I would love her, too,  
But that she is so proud and vain;  
Is it? — It can't be you!  
That surely isn't you!

—Author not known.

BY-AND-BY.

There's a little mischief-making  
Elfin, who is ever nigh,  
Thwarting every undertaking;  
And his name is By-and-by.

What we ought to do this minute,  
"Will be better done," he'll cry,  
"If to-morrow we begin it."  
"Put it off," says By-and-by.

Those who heed the treacherous wooing  
Will his faithless guidance rue;  
What we always put off doing,  
Clearly we shall never do.

We shall reach what we endeavor  
If on Now we more rely;  
But unto the realms of never  
Leads the pilot By-and-by.

—Author not known.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

I ONCE HAD A SWEET LITTLE DOLL.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world;  
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,  
And her hair was so charmingly curled.  
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day;  
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,  
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day;  
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,  
For her paint is all washed away;  
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,  
And her hair not the least bit curled;  
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world.

—Charles Kingsley.

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down the valley.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles;  
I bubble into eddying bays;  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,



*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

And here and there a foamy **flake**  
Upon me as I travel,  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come, and men may go  
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers,  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come, and men may go  
But I go on forever.

—Tennyson.

THE DANDELION.

Bright little dandelion,  
Downy, yellow face,  
Peeping up among the grass  
With such gentle grace;  
Minding not the April wind  
Blowing rude and cold,  
Brave little dandelion  
With a heart of gold.

Meek little dandelion  
Changing into curls  
At the magic touch of these  
Merry boys and girls.  
When they pinch thy dainty throat,  
Strip thy dress of green,  
On thy soft and gentle face  
Not a cloud is seen.

Poor little dandelion,  
Now all gone to seed,  
Scattered roughly by the wind  
Like a common weed.  
Thou hast lived thy little life  
Smiling every day;  
Who could do a better thing  
In a better way.

—Author not known.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

IF EVER I SEE.

If ever I see,  
On bush or tree,  
Young birds in their pretty nest,  
I must not, in play,  
Steal the birds away,  
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,  
Would sorrow so,  
Should I be stolen away;  
So I'll speak to the birds  
In my softest words  
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly  
In the bright blue sky,  
They'll warble a song to me;  
And then if I'm sad  
It will make me glad  
To think they are happy and free.

—Lydia Maria Child.

DRIVE THE NAIL ARIGHT.

Drive the nail aright,  
Hit it on the head;  
Strike with all your might,  
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do  
Do it with a will;  
They who reach the top,  
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot,  
Gazing at the sky  
How can you get up,  
If you never try.

Though you stumble oft  
Never be downcast  
Try and try again  
You'll succeed at last.

JACK IN THE PULPIT.

Jack in the pulpit  
Preaches today,  
Under the green trees  
Just over the way.  
Squirrel and song-sparrow,  
High on their perch,  
Hear the sweet lily-bells  
Ringing to church.  
Come, hear what his reverence  
Rises to say,  
In his low painted pulpit  
This calm Sabbath-day.  
Fair is the canopy  
Over him seen,  
Penciled by Nature's hand,  
Black, brown, and green.  
Green is his surplice,  
Green are his bands;  
In his queer little pulpit  
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,  
So gorgeous to see,  
Comes with his bass voice  
The chorister bee.  
Green fingers playing  
Unseen on wind-lyres,  
Low singing bird voices,—  
These are his choirs.  
The violets are deacons  
I know by the sign  
That the cups which they carry  
Are purple with wine.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

And the columbines bravely  
As sentinels stand  
On the look-out with all their  
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones,  
Drooping and sad;  
Great yellow violets,  
Smiling out glad;  
Buttercup's faces,  
Beaming and bright;  
Clovers, with bonnets,—  
Some red and some white;  
Daisies, their white fingers  
Half-clasped in prayer;  
Dandelions, proud of  
The gold of their hair;  
Innocents, children  
Guileless and frail.

Meek little faces  
Upturned and pale;  
Wild-wood geraniums,  
All in their best,  
Languidly leaning  
In purple gauze dressed:—  
All are assembled  
This sweet Sabbath-day  
To hear what the priest  
In his pulpit will say.

—Clara Smith.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,  
Up through the long shady lane,  
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields,  
That are yellow with ripening grain.  
They find, in the thick waving grasses,  
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows.  
They gather the earliest snowdrops,  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;  
They gather the elder-bloom white;  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft-tinted October light.  
They know where the apples hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;  
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest  
On the long, thorny blackberry-vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,—  
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.  
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops  
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;  
And at night-time are folded in slumber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
The humble and poor become great;  
And so from these brown-handed children  
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.  
The pen of the author and statesman,—  
The noble and wise of the land,—  
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,  
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—M. H. Krout

SUPPOSE.

Suppose the little cowslip  
Should hang its golden cup,  
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,  
I'd better not grow up";  
How many a weary traveler  
Would miss its fragrant smell,  
And many a little child would grieve  
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the little breezes,  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small  
To cool the traveler on his way;  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they made a great mistake,  
If they were talking so!



*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Suppose the little dewdrop  
Upon the grass should say,  
“What can a little dewdrop do?  
I'd better roll away.”  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it,  
Would wither in the sun.

How many deeds of kindness  
A little child can do,  
Although it has but little strength,  
And little wisdom, too!  
It wants a loving spirit,  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others by its love.

—Author not known.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From ev'ry mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
    Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods' and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
    Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
    Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
    The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
    To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
    Great God, Our King.

—Samuel F. Smith.

DON'T GIVE UP.

If you 've tried and have not won,  
    Never stop for crying;  
All that's great and good is done  
    Just by patient trying.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

Though young birds, in flying, fall,  
Still their wings grow stronger;  
And the next time they can keep  
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known  
Many a blast that bowed her,  
She has risen again, and grown  
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,  
Who the more will prize you?  
Gaining victory from defeat,  
That's the test that tries you!

—Phœbe Cary.

## FOURTH GRADE.

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### THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun  
Shall lord it but a day;  
Better the lowly deed were done  
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame  
The dust will hide the crown;  
Ay, none shall nail so high his name  
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat  
Was in some quiet breast,  
That found the common daylight sweet  
And left to heaven the rest.

—John Vance Cheney.

### SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone,  
Something uncompleted still  
Waits the rising of the sun.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

By the bedside, on the stair,  
At the threshold, near the gates,  
With its menace or its prayer,  
Like a mendicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away;  
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;  
By the cares of yesterday  
Each today is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems  
Greater than our strength can bear,  
Heavy as the weight of dreams,  
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,  
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,  
Who, as Northern legends say,  
On their shoulders held the sky.

—Longfellow.

SUPPOSE, MY LITTLE LADY.

Suppose, my little lady,  
Your doll should break her head;  
Could you make it whole by crying  
Till your eyes and nose are red?

And wouldn't it be pleasanter  
To treat it as a joke,  
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,  
And not your head, that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,  
And the rain comes pouring down;  
Will it clear off any sooner  
Because you scold and frown?

And wouldn't it be nicer  
For you to smile than pout,  
And so make sunshine in the house  
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,  
Is very hard to get;  
Will it make it any easier  
For you to sit and fret?

And wouldn't it be wiser,  
Than waiting like a dunce,  
To go to work in earnest,  
And learn the thing at once?

—Phoebe Cary.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,  
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,  
Fit to cope with anything,—  
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones  
Who all troubles magnify;  
Not the watchword of "I can't,"  
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do  
With a true and earnest zeal;  
Bend your sinews to the task,  
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,  
Look not on it as an ill;  
If it be an honest task,  
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,  
Or wherever you may be,  
From your future efforts, boys,  
Comes a nation's destiny.

—Author not known.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,  
Full of the light  
Leaping and flashing  
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flowerlike  
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight  
Rushing in spray,  
Happy at midnight,  
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery,  
Still climbing heavenward,  
Never weary;

Glad of all weathers,  
Still seeming best,  
Upward or downward  
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame,  
Changed every moment  
Ever the same;



*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

Ceaseless aspiring,  
Ceaseless content,  
Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element;

Glorious fountain,  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward, like thee!

—Lowell.

THREE COMPANIONS.

We go on our walk together —  
Baby, and dog, and I —  
Three little merry companions  
'Neath any sort of sky;  
Blue, as our baby's eyes are,  
Gray, like our old dog's tail;  
Be it windy, or cloudy, or stormy,  
Our courage will never fail.

Baby's a little lady;  
Dog is a gentleman brave;  
If he had two legs as you have,  
He'd kneel to her like a slave;  
As it is he loves and protects her,  
As dog and gentleman can.  
I'd rather be a kind doggie,  
I think, than a cruel man.

—Dinah Muloch-Craik.

A LIFE LESSON.

There! little girl; don't cry!  
They have broken your doll, I know;  
    And your tea-set blue,  
    And your play-house, too,  
Are things of the long ago;  
    But childish troubles will soon pass by.  
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!  
They have broken your slate, I know;  
    And the glad, wild ways  
    Of your school-girl days  
Are things of the long ago;  
    But life and love will soon come by.  
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!  
They have broken your heart, I know;  
    And the rainbow gleams  
    Of your youthful dreams  
Are thing of the long ago;  
    But heaven holds all for which you sigh.  
There! little girl; don't cry!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

It was fifty years ago  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!  
For his voice I listen and yearn;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return!"

—Longfellow.

### THE SCULPTOR.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor-boy  
With his marble block before him,  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy  
As an angel-dream passed o'er him;  
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone  
With many a sharp incision;  
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone;  
He had caught that angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand  
With our souls uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,  
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.  
If we carve it then on the yielding stone  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own;  
Our lives that angel-vision.

—Bishop Doane.

ANOTHER BLUE DAY.

So, here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity  
This new Day is born  
Into Eternity  
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime  
No eye ever did;  
So soon it forever  
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?

—Thomas Carlyle.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!  
With thy turned up pantaloons  
And thy merry whistled tunes;  
With thy red lip, redder still,  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace  
From my heart I give thee joy!—  
I was once a barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned in schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild flower's time and place,  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,

How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung,  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine,  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

O for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw  
Me, their master, waited for!  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade.

Laughed the brook for my delight,  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall.  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides.

I was monarch: pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy!  
—Whittier.

A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

Little one, come to my knee!  
Hark how the rain is pouring  
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,  
And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen,  
Then pay for the story with kisses:  
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,  
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,  
Where the wild men watched and waited;  
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the brush,  
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together  
Came down, and the wind came after,  
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,  
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,  
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded —  
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,  
And a sheltering rock behind it

There, from the blowing and raining,  
Crouching, I sought to hide me:  
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,  
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened:  
I and the wolf together,  
Side by side, through the long, long night  
Hid from the awful weather.



*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

His wet fur pressed against me;  
Each of us warmed the other;  
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,  
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest  
No longer crashed in warning,  
Each of us went from our hiding-place  
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!  
Hark, how the wind is roaring;  
Father's house is a better place  
When the stormy rain is pouring!

--Bayard Taylor.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
We may not live to see the day,  
But earth shall glisten in the ray  
Of the good time coming.  
Cannon balls may aid the truth,  
But thought's a weapon stronger;  
We'll win the battle by its aid—  
Wait a little longer.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
The pen shall supersede the sword,  
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,  
In the good time coming.  
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,  
And be acknowledged stronger;  
The proper impulse has been given;  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
War in all men's eyes shall be  
A monster of iniquity  
In the good time coming.  
Nations shall not quarrel then,  
To prove which is the stronger;  
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
Hateful rivalries of creed  
Shall not make their martyrs bleed  
In the good time coming.  
Religion shall be shorn of pride,  
And flourish all the stronger;  
And Charity shall trim her lamp;  
Wait a little longer.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
The people shall be temperate,  
And shall love instead of hate,  
In the good time coming.  
They shall use, and not abuse,  
And make all virtue stronger:  
The reformation has begun;  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
Let us aid it all we can —  
Every woman, every man —  
The good time coming.  
Smallest helps, if rightly given,  
Make the impulse stronger;  
'Twill be strong enough one day;  
Wait a little longer.

—Chas. Mackay.

THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

The brooklet came from the mountain,  
As sang the bard of old,  
Running with feet of silver  
Over the sands of gold!

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Far away in the briny ocean  
There rolled a turbulent wave,  
Now singing along the sea-beach,  
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,  
Though they flowed so far apart,  
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness  
That turbulent, bitter heart!

—Longfellow.

## FIFTH GRADE.

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### LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

    This is my own, my native land?  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
    From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentered all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—Walter Scott.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat;  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like the sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou has taught!  
Thus, at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus, on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

—Longfellow.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O, Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

—Tennyson.



THE VICAR'S SERMON.

Whatsoe'r you find to do,  
Do it, boys, with all your might:  
Never be a little true,  
Or a little in the right.  
Trifles even lead to heaven;  
Trifles make the life of man:  
So in all things, great and small things,  
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim,—  
Spotless truth and honor bright;  
I'd not give a fig for him  
Who says that any lie is white!  
He who falters, twists or alters  
Little atoms when we speak,  
May deceive me, but, believe me,  
To himself he is a sneak.

Help the weak if you are strong;  
Love the old if you are young;  
Own a fault if you are wrong;  
If you're angry, hold your tongue.  
In each duty there's a beauty,  
If your eyes you do not shut,  
Just as surely and securely  
As a kernel in a nut.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Love with all your heart and soul,  
Love with eye and ear and touch  
That's the moral of the whole:  
You can never love too much!  
'Tis the glory of the story  
In our babyhood begun;  
Hearts without it, never doubt it,  
Are as worlds without a sun.

If you think a word will please,  
Say it, if it is but true;  
Words may give delight with ease  
When no act is asked from you.  
Words may often soothe and soften  
Gild a joy and heal a pain;  
They are treasures yielding pleasures  
It is wicked to retain.

—Charles Mackay.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the west —  
Away to the west as the sun went down,  
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep;  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;  
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;  
But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands  
For those who will never come home to the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep —  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep —  
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

—Charles Kingsley.

NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeming,  
In doing each day that goes by,  
Some little good,—not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by.

For, whatever men say in blindness,  
And in spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

We get back our mete as we measure,  
We cannot do wrong and feel right,  
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,  
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robin and wren,  
But always the path that is narrow  
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;  
And sometimes the thing our life misses  
Helps more than the thing that it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,  
Nor gaining of great nor of small;  
But just in the doing, and doing  
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,  
Against the world early and late  
No jot of our courage abating,—  
Our part is to work and to wait.

And slight is the sting of his trouble  
Whose winnings are less than his worth;  
For he who is honest is noble,  
Whatever his fortune or birth.

—Alice Cary.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Longfellow.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound  
coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches  
tossed;  
And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New  
England shore.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of stirring drums, and the trumpet that sings  
of fame;

Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear;—

They shook the depths of the desert gloom with their hymns  
of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang with the  
anthems of the free!

The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—this was their  
welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim band;  
Why had they come to wither there away from their child-  
hood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high, and the fiery heart  
of youth.

What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—They sought a faith's  
pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod:—

They left unstained, what there they found,—Freedom to  
worship God.

—Mrs Hemans.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—William Collins.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going;  
Do not strive to catch them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;  
Let thy whole strength go to each;  
Let no future dreams elate thee;  
Learn thou first what these can teach.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,  
Joys are sent thee here below;  
Take them readily when given,—  
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;  
Do not fear an armed band;  
One will fade as others greet thee,—  
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;  
See how small each moment's pain;  
God will help thee for tomorrow  
Every day begins again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care.

Hours are golden links,—God's token  
Reaching heaven; but one by one  
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.



### THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;  
Each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled;  
Our to-days and yester-days  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fasten these;  
Leave no yawning gaps between;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well.  
Both the unseen and the seen;  
Make the house where Gods may dwell  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

—Longfellow.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

It was a noble Roman,  
In Rome's imperial day,  
Who heard a coward croaker,  
Before the Castle say:  
"They're safe in such a fortress;  
There is no way to shake it!"  
"On—on," exclaimed the hero,  
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Is Fame your aspiration?  
Her path is steep and high;  
In vain he seeks her temple,  
Content to gaze and sigh:  
The shining throne is waiting,  
But he alone can take it  
Who says, with Roman firmness,  
“ *I'll find a way, or make it!* ”

Is Learning your ambition?  
There is no royal road;  
Alike the peer and peasant  
Must climb to her abode:  
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,  
In Helicon may slake it,  
If he has still the Roman will  
“ *To find a way, or make it!* ”

—John G. Saxe.

MY BOOKS.

Ah! well I love these books of mine,  
That stand so trimly on their shelves,  
With here and there a broken line  
(Fat “quartos” jostling modest “twelves”),—  
A curious company, I own;  
The poorest ranking with their betters;  
In brief,—a thing almost unknown,—  
A pure Democracy of Letters.

Poems

For Memorizing

A motley gathering are they.—

Some fairly worth their weight in gold;

Some just too good to throw away;

Some scarcely worth the place they hold.

Yet well I love them, one and all,—

These friends so meek and unobtrusive,

Who never fail to come at call,

Nor (if I scold them) turn abusive!

If I have favorites here and there,

And, like a monarch, pick and choose,

I never meet an angry stare

That *this* I take and *that* refuse;

No discords rise my soul to vex

Among these peaceful book-relations,

Nor envious strife of age or sex

To mar my quiet lucubrations.

And they have still another merit,

Which other where one vainly seeks,

Whate'er may be an author's spirit,

He never *uninvited* speaks;

And should he prove a fool or clown,

Unworth the precious time you're spending.

How quickly you can "put him down,"

Or "shut him up," without offending!

Here—pleasing sight!—the touchy brood

Of critics from dissension cease;

And—stranger still!—no more at feud,

Polemics smile, and keep the peace.

### *For Memorizing*

I call them friends, these quiet books;  
And well the title they may claim,  
Who always gives me cheerful looks;  
(What living friend has done the same?)  
And, for companionship, how few,  
As these, my cronies ever present,  
Of all the friends I ever knew  
Have been so useful and so pleasant?

—John G. Saxe.

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stairway timidly.  
“Oh, mother! Take my hand,” said she  
“And then the dark will all be light.”

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before;  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,  
And there is darkness nevermore.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Reach downward to the sunless days  
Wherein our guides are blind as we,  
And faith is small and hope delays;  
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,  
And let us feel the light of Thee!

—Whittier.

DECORATION DAY.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest  
On this Field of the Grounded Arms,  
Where foes no more molest,  
Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before,  
And started to your feet  
At the cannon's sudden roar,  
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of death  
No sound your slumber breaks;  
Here is no fevered breath,  
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,  
Untrampled lies the sod;  
The shouts of battle cease,  
It is the truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!  
The thoughts of men shall be  
As sentinels to keep  
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green  
We deck with fragrant flowers;  
Yours has the suffering been,  
The memory shall be ours.

—Longfellow.

### SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,  
And bent with the chill of a winter's day  
The street was wet with a recent snow,  
And the woman's feet was aged and slow;  
She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid a throng.

Past the woman so old and gray,  
Hastened some children on their way,  
Nor offered a helping hand to her,  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir  
Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet  
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,—  
The gayest laddie of all the group;  
He paused beside her and whispered low,  
“I'll help you across, if you wish to go.”

Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,  
He guided the trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

—Author unknown.

### THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;  
The banks may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
His stomach craves for dainty fare;  
With sated heart, he hears the pants  
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,  
And wearies in his easy-chair;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.



*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door;  
A heritage, it seems to me  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten, soft white hands  
This is the best crop from thy lands,  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

O poor man's son, scorn not thy state;  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last;  
Both, children of the same dear God,  
Prove title to your heirship vast  
By record of a well-filled past;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.  
—Lowell.

PSALM XXIII.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
2. He maketh me lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.
3. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

## SIXTH GRADE.

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### THANKSGIVING HYMN FOR CALIFORNIA

Our forefathers gave thanks to God  
In the land by the stormy sea,  
For bread hard wrung from the iron sod  
In cold and misery.  
Though every day meant toil and strife  
In the land by the stormy sea;  
They thanked their God for the gift of life,  
How much the more should we!

Stern frost had they, full many a day,  
Strong ice on the stormy sea;  
Long months of snow, grey clouds hung low,  
And a cold wind endlessly;  
Winter and war with an alien race,  
But they were alive and free!  
And they thanked their God for His good grace—  
How much the more should we!

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

For we have a land all sunny with gold,  
A land by a summer sea;  
Gold in the earth for our hands to hold,  
Gold in blossom and tree.  
Comfort and plenty and beauty and peace  
From the mountains down to the sea!  
They thanked their God for a year's increase—  
How much the more should we!

—Mrs. Stetson.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Come, read to me some poems,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poems of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.  
—Longfellow.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
Through the town.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
    Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
    “ They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
    In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many year  
    On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
    Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
    In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
    Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
    Is in his laugh.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying clouds, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!  
Ring out the Old, ring in the New;  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going—let him go;  
Ring out the False, ring in the True!



*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind!  
Ring out the slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife,  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws!

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller Minstrel in!  
Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of Good!

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrow lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace!  
Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land—  
Ring in the Christ that is to be!

—Alfred Tennyson.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

SOLDIER, REST!

Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing;  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,  
At the daybreak, from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near;  
Guards nor warders challenge here;  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

—Sir Walter Scott.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

A SONG.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;  
There is ever a something sings always:  
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,  
And the song of the thrush when the skies are **gray**.

The sunshine showers across the grain,  
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;  
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,  
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above or dark or fair,  
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—  
There is a song somewhere, my dear—  
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue:  
The robin pipes when the sun is here,  
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.

The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,  
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear;  
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above or dark or fair,  
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—  
There is ever a song somewhere!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldric of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trummings loud  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
When strive the warriors of the storm,

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—  
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given  
    To guard the banner of the free;  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle-stroke;  
And bid its blending shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the clouds of war,  
    The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high!  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn,  
And, as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreathes the battle-shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
    And cowering foes shall shrink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
    That lovely messenger of death.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack:  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,  
By angel hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

My life is cold, and dark and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—Longfellow.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeams misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
But little he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on,  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring,  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory!  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone in his glory.

—Charles Wolfe.



*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,  
    No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life  
    Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
    I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work at my task with a resolute will,  
    Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need  
    Of even the tiniest flower,  
Nor check the flow of the golden sands,  
    That run through a single hour;  
But the morning dews must fall,  
    And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their part and perform it all  
    Over and over again.

Over and over again  
    The brook through the meadows flows,  
And over and over again  
    The ponderous mill-wheel goes.  
Once doing will not suffice,  
    Though doing be not in vain;  
And a blessing failing us once or twice,  
    May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod  
Is never so rough to the feet;  
And the lesson we once have learned  
Is never so hard to repeat.  
Though sorrowful tears must fall,  
And the heart to its depths be driven  
With storm and tempest, we need them all  
To render us meet for Heaven.

—Josephine Pollard.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
Finds us farther than today.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

—Longfellow.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

Oh, good painter, tell me true,  
Has your hand the cunning to draw  
Shapes of things that you never saw?  
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and corn fields, a little brown,—  
The picture must not be overbright,—  
Yet all in the golden and gracious light  
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.  
Away and alway, night and morn,  
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn  
Lying between them, not quite sere,  
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,  
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room  
Under the tassels,—cattle near,  
Biting shorter the short green grass,  
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,  
With bluebirds twittering all around,—  
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)

—These, and the house where I was born,  
Low and little, and black and old,  
With children, many as it can hold,  
All at the windows open wide,—  
Heads and shoulders clear outside,  
And fair young faces all ablush:

Perhaps you have seen, some day,  
Roses crowding the self-same way,  
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Listen closer. When you have done  
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,  
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun  
Looked down upon you must paint for me:  
Oh, if I could only make you see  
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,  
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,  
The woman soul, and the angel's face  
That are beaming on me all the while,  
I need not speak these foolish words:  
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—  
She is my mother: you will agree  
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee  
You must paint, sir: one like me,—  
The other with a clearer brow  
And the light of his adventurous eyes  
Flashing with boldest enterprise:  
At ten years old he went to sea,—  
God knoweth if he be living now,—  
He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*,  
Nobody ever crossed her track  
To bring us news, and she never came back.  
Ah, it is twenty long years and more  
Since that old ship went out of the bay  
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:  
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,  
And his face was toward me all the way.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Bright his hair was, a golden brown,  
The time we stood at our mother's knee:  
That beauteous head, if it did go down,  
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night  
We were together, half afraid  
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade  
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—  
Loitering till after the low little light  
Of the candle shone through the open door,  
And over the haystack's pointed top,  
All of a tremble and ready to drop,  
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,  
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,  
Had often and often watched to see  
Propped and held in its place in the skies  
By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,  
Which close in the edge of our flaxtree grew,—  
Dead at the top,—just one branch full  
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,  
From which it tenderly shook the dew  
Over our heads, when we came to play  
In its hand-breath of shadow, day after day.  
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore  
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—  
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,  
Not so big as a straw of wheat:  
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,  
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,  
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,

You can paint the look of a lie?

If you can, pray have the grace

To put it solely in the face

Of the urchin that is likest me:

I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:

But that's no matter,— paint it so;

The eyes of our mother — (take good heed)—

Looking not on the nestful of eggs,

Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,

But straight through our faces down to our lies,

And, oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!

I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though

A sharp blade struck through it. You, sir, know

That you on the canvass are to repeat

Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—

Woods and corn fields and mulberry-tree,—

The mother,— the lads, with their bird at her knee:

But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!

High as the heavens your name I'll shout,

If you paint me the picture and leave that out.

—Alice Cary.

# SEVENTH GRADE.

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## THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

\* \* \* \* \*

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays;

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green;

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace.

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives.



*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings:  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—  
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?

\* \* \* \* \*

—Lowell.

COLUMBUS — WESTWARD.\*

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now we must pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Adm'rl, speak; what shall I say?"  
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Adm'rl, say  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day:  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
“ Why, not even God would know -  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Adm’rl; speak and say —’  
He said: “ Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Adm’rl, say but one good word;  
What shall we do when hope is gone?  
The words leapt as a leaping sword:  
“ Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time’s burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: “ On! sail on!”

— Joaquin Miller.

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\*In a recent critical article in the London Athenæum is the sentence: “In point of power, workmanship and feeling, among all the poems written by Americans, we are inclined to give first place to the ‘Port of Ships’ (or Columbus’) by Joaquin Miller.”

### BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying!

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying!

O love! they die in yon rich sky;  
They faint on hill, or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;  
And answer, echoes, answer — dying, dying, dying.  
—Tennyson.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit —  
Bird thou never wert —  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the setting sun,  
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
Thou dost float and run;  
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven,  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silvery sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Like a glow-worm golden,  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its ærial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflower'd,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and fresh and clear, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine;  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
Or triumphant chant,  
Match'd with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt,—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

What object are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance  
Languor cannot be;  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee;  
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking, or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought,

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride and fear,  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found.  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.  
—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

SAIL ON, O SHIP OF STATE!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!



*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee — are all with thee!

— Longfellow.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE ?

What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;  
Not bays and broad-arm ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.  
No: — men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,  
Prevent the long aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:  
These constitute a state;  
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,  
O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.  
— Sir William Jones.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,  
  
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.  
  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;  
  
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

— Tennyson.

### THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,  
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide  
I heard the first wave of the rising tide  
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep:  
A voice out of the silence of the deep;  
A sound mysteriously multiplied  
As of a cataract from the mountain side,  
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.  
So comes to us at times, from the unknown  
And inaccessible solitudes of being,  
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;  
And inspirations, that we deem our own,  
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing  
Of things beyond our reason or control.

— Longfellow.

### SNOW-BOUND.

The sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon,  
Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

It sank from sight before it set.  
A chill no coat, however stout  
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,  
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snow-storm told.  
The wind blew east; we heard the roar  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat the low rhythm our inland air.  
\* \* \* \* \*

What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter how the north-wind raved?  
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.  
O Time and Change! with hair as gray  
As was my sire's that winter day,  
How strange it seems, with so much gone  
Of life and love, to still live on!  
Ah, brother! only I and thou  
Are left of all that circle now,—  
The dear home faces whereupon  
That fitful firelight paled and shone.  
Henceforward, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still;  
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
Those lighted faces smile no more.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladed corn;  
We turn the pages that they read,  
Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade.  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious floor!  
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,  
(Since He who knows our need is just,)   
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own!

\* \* \* \* \*

— Whittier.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
    Sails the unshadowed main,—  
    The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
    And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
    Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
    And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
    Before thee lies revealed,—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
    That spread his lustrous coil;  
    Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
    Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,

Child of the wandering sea.

Cast from her lap, forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born

That ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!

While on mine ear it rings,

Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, both true and tried,

Our leader frank and bold;

The British soldier trembles

When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,

Our tent the cypress tree;

We know the forest round us,

As the seaman knows the sea;

We know its walls and thorny vines,

Its glades of reedy grass,

Its safe and silent islands

Within the dark morass.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Woe to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear;  
When, walking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil:  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pinetop grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well known the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads —  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.



*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide  
Across the moonlight plains;  
'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts their tossing manes.  
A moment in the British camp —  
A moment — and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs;  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton  
For ever from the shore.

— Bryant.

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!  
Will ye give it up to slaves?  
Will ye look for greener graves?  
    Hope ye mercy still?  
What's the mercy despots feel?  
Hear it in that battle peal!  
Read it on yon bristling steel!  
    Ask it, ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?  
Will ye to your homes retire?  
Look behind you! they're afire!  
    And, before you, see  
Who have done it! From the vale  
On they come! — and will ye quail?  
Leaden rain and iron hail  
    Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!  
Die we may, — and die we must:  
But, oh! where can dust to dust  
    Be consigned so well,  
As where heaven its dews shall shed  
On the martyred patriot's bed,  
And the rocks shall raise their head,  
    Of his deeds to tell?

— John Pierpont.

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,  
And said, "O mists, make room for me."  
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone."  
And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."  
It said unto the forest, "Shout!  
Hang all your leafy banners out!"  
It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."  
And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow; the day is near."  
It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."  
It shouted through the belfry tower,  
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."  
It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said. "Not yet! in quiet lie."

— Longfellow.

## LIBERTY, OR DEATH!

*Mr. President:* It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth — to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have one light by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House?

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so willing to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last argument to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies?

No, sir, she has none; they are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them?

Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir: We must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house! Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

✕ Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which any enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone: there is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

✕ Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission or slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it  
sir: Let it come!

X It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may  
cry "Peace! peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actu-  
ally begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will  
bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren  
are already in the fields! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have?  
Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the  
price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I  
know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give  
me liberty, or give me death!

—Patrick Henry. X

HYMN ON THE FIGHT AT CONCORD.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept,  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps,  
And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set to-day the votive stone,  
That memory may their deed redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Spirit that made those heroes dare  
To die, and leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

— R. W. Emerson.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
There, woodman, let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,  
And wouldst thou hew it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
Oh, spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies!



When but an idle boy  
I sought its grateful shade;  
In all their gushing joy  
Here too my sisters played.  
My mother kissed me here;  
My father pressed my hand —  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree! the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

— George P. Morris.

### ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
'And is mine one?' said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;  
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

— James Henry Leigh Hunt.

## EIGHTH GRADE.

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### O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

A Dirge for Lincoln.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every wrack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But, O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the shores  
a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

*Poems*  
*or Memorizing*

My Captain does not answer, his lips are cold and still;  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and  
done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;—  
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!  
But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

— Walt Whitman.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—  
Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Earth and her waters and the depths of air —  
Comes a still voice, — Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist .  
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements;  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place  
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,  
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; — the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods, — rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there!  
And millions in those solitudes since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!  
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

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*For Memorizing*

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— Bryant.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;  
The man's the gowd for a' that,  
  
What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man, for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that,  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see you birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that

A king can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that,  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—  
As come it will for a' that —  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that;  
That man to man, the warld o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

— Robert Burns.



*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,  
The desert and illimitable air,  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart,  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

— Bryant.

### REMEMBERED MUSIC.

Thick-rushing, like an ocean vast  
Of bisons the far prairie shaking,  
The notes crowd heavily and fast  
As surfs, one plunging while the last  
Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.

Or in low murmurs they began,  
Rising and rising momentarily,  
As o'er a harp Æolian  
A fitful breeze, until they ran  
Up to a sudden ecstasy.

And then, like minute drops of rain  
Ringing in water silvery,  
They lingering dropped and dropped again,  
Till it was almost like a pain  
To listen when the next would be.

— Lowell.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky:  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck — once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below —  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee;  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea.

Oh! better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave.  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms —  
The lightning and the gale.

— Oliver Wendell Holmes

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are  
    stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift  
    sword;  
        His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and  
    damps;  
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring  
    lamps:  
        His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;  
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall  
    deal;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel;  
    Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!  
    Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
    While God is marching on.

—Julia Ward Howe.

## LIBERTY AND UNION.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union that we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might be hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be

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*For Memorizing*

preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster; not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured,—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly: Liberty first, and union afterwards; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—LIBERTY AND UNION, now and forever, one and inseparable!

—Daniel Webster,

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*For Memorizing*

THE SHELL.

See what a lovely shell,  
Small and pure as a pearl,  
Lying close to my foot,  
Frail, but a work divine,  
Made so fairly well  
With delicate spire and whorl,  
How exquisitely minute,  
A miracle of design!

What is it? a learned man  
Could give it a clumsy name.  
Let him name it who can,  
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,  
Void of the little living will  
That made it stir on the shore.  
Did he stand at the diamond door  
Of his house in a rainbow frill?  
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd  
A golden foot or a fairy horn  
'Thro his dim water world!

Slight, to be crushed with a tap  
Of my finger-nail on the sand,  
Small, but a work divine,  
Frail, but of force to withstand,

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*For Memorizing*

Year upon year, the shock  
Of cataract seas that snap  
The three decker's oaken spine  
Athwart the ledges of rock  
Here on the Breton strand!

—Tennyson.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking  
What I am, and what I ought to be,  
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me  
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire  
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:  
“ Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,  
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

“ Ah, once more,” I cried, “ ye stars, ye waters,  
On my heart your mighty charm renew;  
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,  
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!”

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,  
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,  
In the rustling night-air came the answer:  
“ Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.



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“ Unaffrighted by the silence round them,  
Undistracted by the sights they see,  
These demand not that the things without them  
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

“ And with joy the stars perform their shining,  
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;  
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting  
All the fever of some differing soul.

“ Bounded by themselves, and unregardful  
In what state God's other works may be,  
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,  
These attain the mighty life you see.”

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,  
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:

“ Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,  
Who finds himself, loses his misery!”

— Matthew Arnold.

SUN AND SHADOW.

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green,  
To the billows of foam-crested blue,  
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,  
Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue:  
Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray  
As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;  
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way,  
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

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Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun,—  
Of breakers that whiten and roar;  
How little he cares, if in shadow or sun  
They see him who gaze from the shore!  
He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,  
To the rock that is under his lee,  
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,  
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves  
Where life and its ventures are laid,  
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves  
May see us in sunshine or shade;  
Yet true to our course, though the shadows grow dark,  
We'll trim our broad sail as before,  
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,  
Nor ask how we look from the shore!  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place for

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those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last, full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth!

— Abraham Lincoln.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;  
By what we have mastered of good and gain;  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
When the morning calls us to life and light,  
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,  
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings  
Beyond the recall of sensual thing,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!  
We may borrow the wings to find the way—  
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,  
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dream departs, and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound:  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

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*For Memorizing*

ELEGY.

Written in a Country Churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save from that yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The shallow trittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

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*For Memorizing*

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their glowing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelled by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live the wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—



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*For Memorizing*

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
    " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty step the dews away,  
    To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
    That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
    And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
    Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
    Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,  
    Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;  
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
    Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

" The next with dirges due in sad array,  
    Slow through the churchyard path we saw him borne;  
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay  
    'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
    A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
    And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to Misery all he had,— a tear,  
He gain'd from Heaven — 'twas all he wish'd — a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

—Thomas Gray.

TRUE REST.

No; rest is not quitting  
This busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

It is the brook's motion,  
All clear without strife;  
'Tis fleeting to ocean,  
Beyond this brief life.

'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving,—  
And this is true rest.

—Goethe

## FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL.

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower — but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

—Tennyson.

## THE PRESENT CRISIS.

(Extract.)

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's  
aching breast,  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him  
climb

To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime  
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom  
or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the  
right,

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that  
light.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose part thou shalt  
stand,

Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against  
our land?

Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,  
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng  
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to shield her from all wrong.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched  
crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to  
be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands  
aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,  
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves  
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves,  
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime;—  
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men be-  
hind their time?

Turn those tracks toward Past or Future that make the Ply-  
mouth Rock sublime?

\* \* \* \* \*

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good un-  
couth;

They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast  
of Truth;

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,  
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate  
winter sea,  
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted  
key.

—Lowell.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

“Forgive them, for they know not what they do!”

He said, and so went shriven to his fate.

Unknowing went, that generous heart and true.

Even while he spoke the slayer lay in wait,

And when the morning opened Heaven's gate

There passed the whitest soul a nation knew.

Henceforth all thoughts of pardon are too late;

They, in whose cause that arm its weapon drew,

Have murdered Mercy. Now alone shall stand  
Blind Justice, with the sword unsheathed she wore,

Hark, from the eastern to the western strand,

The swelling thunder of the people's roar:

What words they murmur,—Fetter not her hand!

So let it smite, such deeds shall be no more!

—E. C. Stedman.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less;  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than truth;  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will;—

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

All these must first be trampled down  
    Beneath our feet, if we should gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
    The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
    But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
    The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
    That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
    Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
    Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
    As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
    Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
    Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
    With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern — unseen before —  
    A path to higher destinies.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

—Longfellow.

CONTENTMENT.

I do not own an inch of land,  
But all I see is mine —  
The orchard and the mowing-fields,  
The lawns and gardens fine.  
The winds my tax-collectors are,  
They bring me tithes divine —  
Wild scents and subtle essences,  
A tribute rare and free;  
And more magnificent than all,  
My window keeps for me  
A glimpse of blue immensity —  
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns  
Great fleets and argosies;  
I have a share in every ship,  
Won by the inland breeze,  
To loiter on yon airy road  
Above the apple trees.



I freight them all with untold dreams,  
Each bears my own picked crew;  
And nobler cargoes wait for them  
Than India ever knew—  
My ships that sail into the east  
Across that outlet blue.

—Lucy Larcom.

### RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old —  
Lord of our far-flung battle line —  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine —  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —  
The Captains and the Kings depart —  
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away —  
On dune and headland sinks the fire —  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
    Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
    Or lesser breeds without the Law —  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
    Lest we forget —lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
    In reeking tube and iron shard —  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
    And guarding calls not Thee to guard.  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy merey on Thy people, Lord!

Amen.

—Rudyard Kipling.

## SOME OLD FAVORITES.

### ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain-side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,  
Wearing a bright, black wedding-coat;  
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,  
Hear him call in his merry note,  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Look what a nice, new coat is mine;  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,  
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Bob-'o-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;  
One weak chirp is her only note;  
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,  
Pouring boasts from his little throat,  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Never was I afraid of man,  
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight:  
There as the mother sits all day,  
Robert is singing with all his might,  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Nice, good wife that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,  
Six wide mouths are open for food;  
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
This new life is likely to be  
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
Sober with work, and silent with care,  
Off is his holiday garment laid,  
Half forgotten that merry air,  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Nobody knows but my mate and I,  
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;  
Fun and frolic no more he knows,  
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum drone;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
When you can pipe that merry old strain,  
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
Chee, chee, chee.

— Bryant.

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but him had fled;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm;  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go,  
Without his father's word;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud — "Say, father, say,  
If yet my task is done?"  
He knew not that the chieftain lay,  
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,  
"If I may yet be gone?"  
And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames roll'd on.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And looked from that lone post of death,  
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,  
“ My father! must I stay?”  
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made away.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound —  
The boy — Oh, where was he?  
Ask of the winds that far around,  
With fragments strewed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part —  
But the noblest thing which perished there,  
Was that young, faithful heart.

— Mrs. Hemans.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task my God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,  
Who suffered for my sake;  
To emulate their glory,  
And follow in their wake;  
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
The noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crown History's pages,  
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,  
By gifted minds foretold,  
When man shall live by reason,  
And not alone by gold;  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.



I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the future in the distance.  
And the good that I can do.

— Author not Known.

### THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave;  
But no man dug that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
But no man heard the tramping,  
Or saw the train go forth;  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun,—

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves.—  
So, without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,  
Follow the funeral car;  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honored place,  
With costly marble dressed,  
In the greater minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the choir sings, and the organ rings  
Along the emblazoned wall.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced, with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page, truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?  
The hill-side for his pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall;  
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,  
Over his bier to wave;  
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
To lay him in the grave,—

In that deep grave, without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay  
Shall break again,—O wondrous thought!  
Before the judgment day;  
And stand, with glory wrapped around,  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life,  
With the Incarnate Son of God.

*Poems*  
*For Memorizing*

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
O dark Beth-peor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath His mysteries of grace,—  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
Of him He loved so well.  
— Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South, at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,  
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar;  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold,  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good, broad highway leading down;  
And there, through the flush of the morning light,  
A steed as black as the steeds of night  
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight.  
As if he knew the terrible need,  
He stretched away with his utmost speed.  
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,  
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;  
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.  
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master  
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,  
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;  
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape sped away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind;  
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.  
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

The first that the general saw were the groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;  
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.  
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,  
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat check'd its course there, because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;  
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play  
He seemed to the whole great army to say,  
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!  
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!  
And when their statues are placed on high,  
Under the dome of the Union sky,  
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,  
There with the glorious general's name  
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:  
"Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

— Thomas Buchanan Read.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
“Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!” he said.  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die,  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well;  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell,  
Rode the six hundred.

*Poems*

*For Memorizing*

Flashed all their sabers bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sab'ring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while

    All the world wondered:  
Plunged in the battery smoke  
Right through the line they broke;

    Cassock and Russian  
Reeled from the saber stroke,  
    Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but not —  
    Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
    Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of Death  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
    Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!

    All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade,

    Noble six hundred!      —Tennyson.



# Thoughts for Memorizing.

## ACTION.

Of every noble action the intent  
Is to give worth reward, vice punishment.

— Beaumont and Fletcher.

Think that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

— Selected.

What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted.

— Burns.

Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.— Carlyle.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.— Bishop Cumberland. ~~X~~

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.— Emerson.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

— Longfellow. ~~X~~

Our acts, our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

— John Fletcher.

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

— Shirley.

We must not stint our necessary actions in the fear to cope malicious censurers.— Shakespeare.

## *Thoughts For Memorizing*

Heaven ne'er helps the man who will not act.—Sophocles.

I have always thought the actions of men the best interpreters of their thoughts.—Locke.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—Lowell.

What I have done was not for praise of men;  
Then let me not be moved if now and then  
My actions, thoughts expressed by tongue or pen,  
Some one offend; oh let me never fear  
If only right and just I in God's eyes appear.

—W. J. Meredith.

The thing that chiefly concerns a man is not whether he succeed or fail, but that he do his whole duty according to the lights vouchsafed him until he die.—Ian McLaren. (Adapted).

## BOOKS.

Laws die, books never.—Lytton.

Books are embalmed minds.—Bovee.

Books—Lighthouses built on the sea of time.—Whipple.

There is no past so long as books live.—Lytton.

Hark, the world so loud and they, the movers of the world, so still.

—Lytton.

A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies.—Gibbon.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,  
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

—Denham.

That is a good book that is opened with expectation and closed with profit.—Alcott.

## *Thoughts For Memorizing*

Books are the best things, well used; abused, among the worst.

—Emerson.

If time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all. — Carlyle.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. — Bacon.

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. — Channing.

In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become more necessary. — Goldsmith.

## BRAVERY.

'Tis more brave to live than to die. — Meredith.

None but the brave deserve the fair. — Dryden.

A brave soul is a thing which all things serve. — Alex. Smith.

A man of courage is also full of faith. — Cicero.

There is one thing of which I am afraid, and that is fear. — Montaigne.

Cowards die many times before their death;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

— Shakespeare.

Fear makes men look aside and so their footing miss. — Dryden.

The brave man seeks not popular applause. — Dryden.

He is not worthy of the honeycomb that shuns the hive because the bees have stings. — Shakespeare.

True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world. — La Rochefoucauld.

Courage—an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,

By which the soul stands raised triumphant, high, alone.

—Farquhar.

*Thoughts  
For Memorizing*

Cowards are cruel, but the brave,  
Love mercy, and delight to save.  
— Gay.

CHARACTER.

Both man and womankind belie their nature when they are not kind.—  
Bailey.

No, when the fight begins within himself  
A man's worth something.  
— Browning.

Clever men are good, but they are not the best.— Carlyle.

Every one is the son of his own works.— Cervantes.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live,  
as well as to think.— Emerson.

Human improvement is from within outward.— Froude.

Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came  
from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its  
birthplace.— O. W. Holmes.

He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of  
any height of honors.— Thomas A. Kempis.

In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer.— Longfellow.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.— Pope.

It is of the utmost importance that a nation should have a correct  
standard by which to weigh the character of its rulers.— Lord Russell.

Charity and personal force are the only two investments worth any-  
thing.— Walt Whitman.

The man that makes a character makes foes.— Young.

*Thoughts  
For Memorizing*

COURAGE.

Courage, the highest gift that scorns to bend  
To mean devices for a sordid end.

— Farquhar.

And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.—Shakespeare.

But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail.

— Shakespeare.

Courage is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character.—  
Froude.

EDUCATION.

Ignorance never settles questions.—Disraeli.

A learned man is a tank; a wise man is a spring.—W. R. Alger.

Education makes one an articulate member of the higher whole.—Dr.  
Wm. T. Harris.

I have a firm belief that the rock of our safety as a nation lies in the  
proper education of our population.—Benjamin Harrison.

Every man must educate himself. His books and teacher are but helps;  
the work is his.—Webster.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away  
from him.—Franklin.

Education is the only interest worthy the deep controlling anxiety of  
the thoughtful man.—Wendell Phillips.

Those who think must govern those who toil.—Goldsmith.

Learning by study must be won,  
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son.

— Gay.

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken

*Thoughts  
For Memorizing*

within the hearing of little children tends toward the formation of character.—Ballou.

Education is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing.—Kate Douglass Wiggin.

Education begins the gentlemen, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.—Locke.

Right education is such a preparation of the individual in physical, intellectual, and moral capacities, as will enable him to secure the highest enjoyment from their use, here and hereafter.—Roark.

A boy is better unborn than untaught.—Gascoigne.

'Tis education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

—Pope.

## FRIENDSHIP.

A true friend is forever a friend.—Geo. McDonald.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows.—Homer.

Love all, trust few, do wrong to none.—Shakespeare.

A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere.—Emerson.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.—Vaughan.

To suspect a friend is worse than to be deceived by him.—La Rochefoucauld.

A true test of friendship — to sit or walk with a friend for an hour in perfect silence without wearying of one another's company.—Mrs. Mu-  
lock-Craik.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble  
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,  
And into halves divides our troubles.

—Sir J. Denham.

*Thoughts  
For Memorizing*

The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it.— Emerson.

Friendship above all ties does bind the heart,  
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.  
— Shakespeare.

We can never replace a friend. When a man is fortunate enough to have several, he finds they are all different. No one has a double in friendship.— Schiller.

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,—  
Grapple them to thy side with hooks of steel  
— Shakespeare.

A friend is gold: if true he'll never leave thee;  
Yet both, without a touchstone, may deceive thee.  
— Thos. Randolph.

Friendship has a power  
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.  
— Henry Kirke White.

## HABITS.

Habit is ten times nature.— Wellington.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.— Carlyle.

We first make our habits, then our habits make us.— Dryden.

The habits of time are the soul's dress for eternity.— Cheever.

Men are but children of a larger growth.— Dryden.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!— Shakespeare.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day and at last we cannot break it.— Horace Mann.

## *Thoughts For Memorizing*

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees;  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

— Dryden.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.— Johnson.

Bad habits are as infectious by example as the plague itself by contact.— Fielding.

Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.— Boardman.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.— Beecher.

Habits, though in their commencement like the filmy line of the spider, trembling at every breeze, may in the end prove as links of tempered steel, binding a deathless being to eternal felicity or eternal woe.— Mrs. Sigourney.

## HONESTY

Boys, keep your record clean.— John B. Gough.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.— Pope.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.— Herbert.

Falsehood is cowardice; truth is courage.— Ballou.

Truth is truth whether the individual man believes it or not.— Moody.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself.— Bailey.

Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own minds.— Emerson.

You measure every man's honesty by your own.— Anon.



*Thoughts*  
*For Memorizing*

An honest man's word is as good as his bond.— Cervantes.

There is only one failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.— Farrar.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive.— Scott.

This above all—to thine own self be true;  
And it shall follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
— Shakespeare.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;  
Th' eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes in pain  
And dies among her worshipers.  
— Bryant.

KINDNESS,

Kindness has resistless charms.— Rochester.

With malice toward none, with charity for all.— Lincoln.

It is true that he who does nothing for others, does nothing for himself.

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.— Tennyson.

How far that little candle throws its beams,—  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.  
— Shakespeare.

Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak and the deaf can understand.— Bovee. ✕

That best portion of a good man's life,  
His little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.  
— Wordsworth.

*Thoughts*  
*For Memorizing*

Count that day lost whose low descending sun,  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

— Anon.

There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

— Anon.

Be good, my child, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble deeds, not dream them, all day long;  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,  
One grand, sweet song.

— Kingsley.

In simple manners all the secret lies  
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.

— Young.

Life is not so short but that there's always time enough for courtesy.—  
Emerson.

Oh, there are looks and tones that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart;  
As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure it through life had sought.

— Moore.

ABOUT LINCOLN.

Our Country's Martyr.

He lives in our memories.

Though dead, he yet speaketh.

Freedom's noblest sacrifice.

We loved him much, but now we love him more.

Faithful to right, a martyr to justice.

*Thoughts*  
*For Memorizing*

He saved our country and freed a race.

With malice toward none, with charity for all.

We honor him dead, who honored us while living.

The poor man's champion; the people mourn him.

Our Union cemented in patriot blood shall stand forever.

He won the wreath of fame.

And wrote on memory's scroll a deathless name.

Abraham Lincoln is dead, but his principles will live forever.

BY LINCOLN.

The Union must be preserved.

Fellow citizens *we* cannot escape history.

A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people and its laws.

I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.

If our sense of duty forbid slavery, then let us stand by our duty, fearlessly and effectively.

I hope peace will come soon and come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time.

In giving freedom to the slaves we assure freedom to the free, honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve.

*Thoughts  
For Memorizing*

Having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with many hearts.

NATURE.

Go forth under the open sky and list to Nature's teachings.—Bryant.

To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language.—Bryant.

No tears dim the sweet look that Nature wears.—Longfellow.

O, what a glory doth this world put on for him, who with a fervent heart, goes forth under the bright and glorious sky, and looks on duties well performed, and days well spent.—Longfellow.

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part; do thou but thine.—Milton.

Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we --Montaigne.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;  
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.

— Thomson.

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.— Wordsworth.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good  
That all the sages can.

— Wordsworth.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is a society where none intrudes  
By the deep sea and music in its roar.

— Byron.

Keep a heart open to every voice from field and wood and sky.—Hamilton W. Mabie.

*Thoughts  
For Memorizing*

PATRIOTISM.

America means opportunity.— Emerson.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.— Webster.

Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!— Pinckney.

The patriot's boast,—where'er we roam,  
His first, best country ever is at home.

— Goldsmith.

Patriotism is not only a legitimate sentiment, but a duty.— King.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.— Choate.

There is a higher law than the Constitution.— Seward.

Where law ends, tyranny begins.— Pitt.

A poor freedom is better than rich slavery.— Beecher.

One country, one Constitution, one destiny.— Webster.

I regret I have but one life to live for my country.— Nathan Hale.

Let us have peace.— U. S. Grant.

Liberty cannot be established without morality, nor morality without faith.— Greely.

No flag is complete unless woven in its folds is the star of Bethlehem.— Harr Wagner.

The noblest motive is the public good.— Virgil.

A great nation is made only by worthy citizens.— C. D. Warner.

Liberty is not the right of one, but of all.— Herbert Spencer.

Liberty is from God; liberties from the devil.— Auerbach.

Whether in chains or in laurels, liberty knows nothing but victories.— Wendell Phillips.

I have never advocated war except as a means of peace.— U. S. Grant.

Slow are the steps of freedom, but her steps never turn backward.— Lowell.

One on God's side is a majority.— Wendell Phillips.

## *Thoughts For Memorizing*

I care not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.—Patrick Henry.

Authority must not forget humanity.—O'Reilly.

A veteran of the war is dearer and nearer even than the flag. He is a living flag, starred and scarred.—O'Reilly.

I have met the enemy and he is ours.—Commodore Perry.

He serves his party best who serves his country best.—Rutherford B. Hayes.

The union of hearts, the union of hands; and flag of the Union forever.—G. P. Morris.

I require no guard but the affections of the people.—Washington.

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.—Thomas Jefferson.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

—Emerson.

Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
While through the sounding sky,  
Loud rings the nation's cry,—  
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

—Holmes.

The stability of this government and the unity of this nation, depend solely on the cordial support and the earnest loyalty of the people.—U. S. Grant.

I was born an American, I live an American, I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career.—Webster.

This nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—Lincoln.

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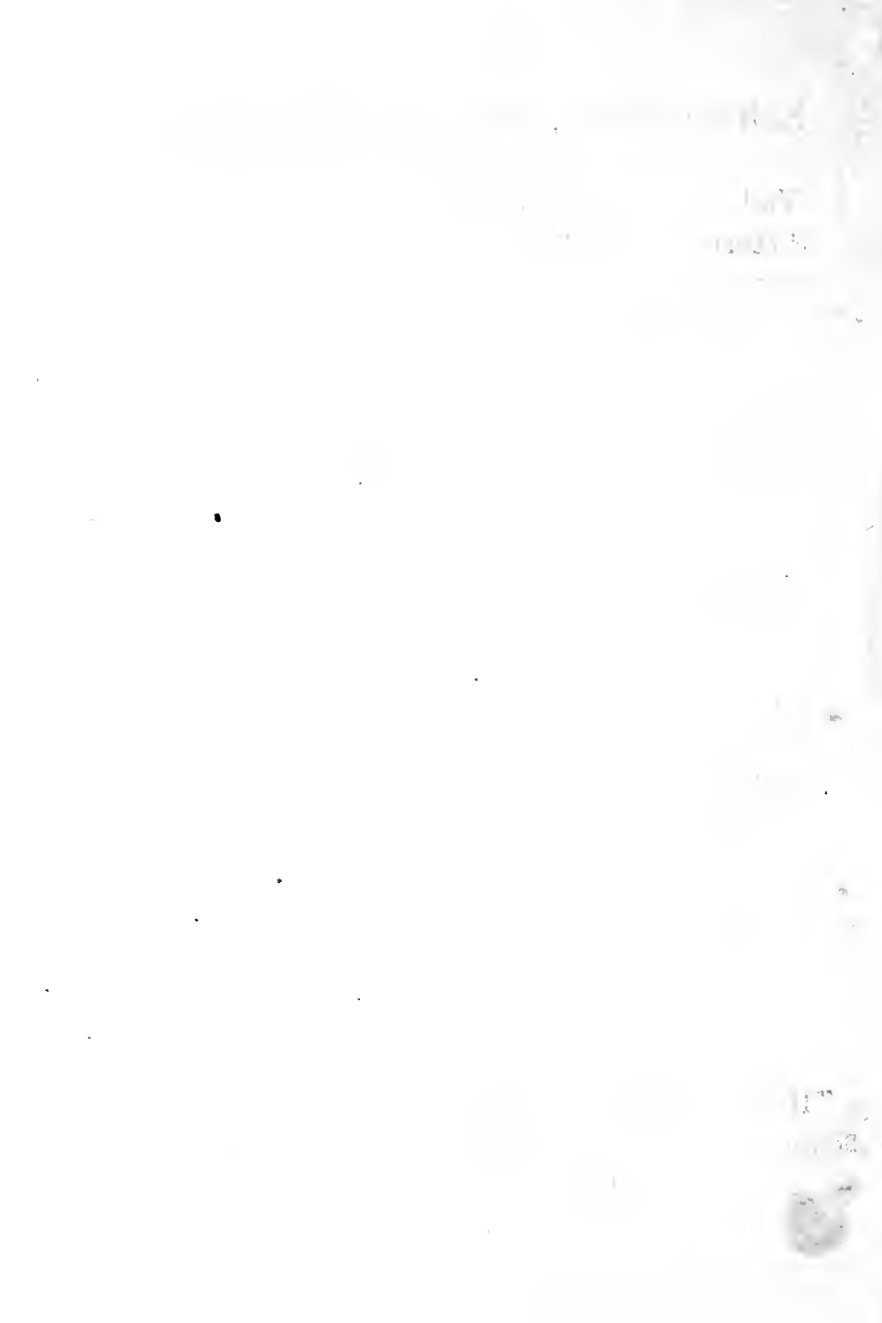
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